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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVII MARCH, 1939 No. 9

THOUGHTS THAT HAVE HELPED ME

PERSONALITY is something that can not be defined, but must be felt through a spiritual touch of one soul to another. A Yankee definition comes as near telling what it is as any that I have ever heard. It is, "When I met him I was looking down, and when I left him I was looking up."

There were two great men in their day who gripped those about them and still continue to grip people now. An editorial note was in a Boston newspaper, years ago, and it ran thus: "It was a gloomy day yesterday, with overhanging clouds and pattering rain and changing mists; but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row, bowing here and there to friends, and the day was all sunshine." Personality endued with love changed all.

Henry Ward Beecher, on a very cold day, stopped to buy a newspaper from a ragged youngster who stood shivering on a corner. "Poor little fellow," he said, "aren't you cold standing here?" The boy looked up with a smile and said, "I was, sir—before you passed."

Each of us can have a personality that pleases and cheers, if we are willing to cultivate the same. We can do this by maintaining a cheerful, hopeful attitude toward others. This will grow greater, from time to time.

To keep our poise in the time of some great crisis is one of the most difficult things we have to do. To keep a mental and spiritual balance, when things hang as on a thread, requires all the strength in us plus the strength of God.

One day I saw a person under great provocation. The great struggle was on, the lips trembled to give expression to the tempest within, the eyes were disturbed as tears of anger were ready to break forth, giving vent to that which was within. Then as if an unseen Presence had come to the rescue, gradually nerves were quieted and the storm passed. Poise was kept in the hour of danger. I dread to think of the result if poise had not been kept.

My friends, many may be your struggles as the tempests rage and the winds blow hard, but you may have the unseen Presence with you to impart strength so that you may keep your poise. Just trust that unseen yet real Presence.

Too few people think of the gospel as a challenge. By this I mean something that dares us to put all there is in us into the gospel. Many people think of the gospel as an assurance policy. This aspect is true if first we have accepted the gospel as a challenge and have thrown our full power into it.

The gospel can be used as an investment to receive an assurance policy, but this must not be the chief aim.

There is nothing any more ineffective for the purpose for which it was intended than an electric light bulb out of touch with the power house. Out of touch with power, it hangs as just so much material substance without light. In touch with power, it shines and thus gives vision to all about it.

There is nothing so ineffective in the human family for the purpose of which it was intended as a person out of touch with the Eternal. He is like a day without sunshine, like a mother without love, like a rose without perfume, like children without laughter, and like a night without hope of morning. In touch with God, man becomes the mightiest of all of God's creation. He can only get in

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touch with God by an experience with the like that our blessed Lord can give.

Through stress and struggle, God is our refuge. In His will is our peace. Through Him is our power. Battered and bruised, He is our healing, uncertain and disturbed, in Him we find directive mind and purposeful will.

It is not easy to be still. We have so much to do. Clamorous voices call us. We live in a blatant age. The din and roar of things do not permit the hearing of the still, small voice. In the Sanctuary of Silence, we give God a chance to heal the hurt of our souls, to calm our feverish spirits, to guide us through the maddening maze of things, to give us courage to face life unafraid. If God be for us, who can be against us?

"Thou layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart
And sayest, 'Be still!'
The shadow and the silence are only a part
Of Thy sweet will.
Thy Presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill."

The conditions on which prayer will be answered are indeed vital. Without these conditions being met, it is useless for us to pray. We can not get the benefit of fresh air and sunshine unless we ally ourselves with them by taking a walk, when we breathe the fresh air and are bathed in the glorious sunshine. When these conditions are met, then the glow of health comes to our cheeks and a vigor to our limbs.

We can not get the benefit of prayer unless we make the great commitment of sincere faith, spiritual earnestness and persistence, the desire for the glory of God and the crowning attitude of submission and self commitment. In our commitment we must remember the commitment made at Gethsemane when Jesus said, "Not my will but Thine be done." Amen.

—By Rev. Nelson Miles Heikes,
in *Granite State News.*

OUR FATHER'S LOVE

"GOD is love." This is the short but all-embracing statement made by the beloved disciple John. He does not say God is lovely or lovable, but—"God is love." He is love itself—the very sum and substance of love. There is no love without Him, and nothing but love with Him. *He is love!*

Near Colton, California, is a mountain of cement, so pure and complete that it matters not whether the machines work on it east, west, north, or south,—they just grind out cement. The laborers may pour it down great chutes from the top, or mine it by shafts sunk low at the base, —it is all the same. It is just cement. So great is the supply that it has been estimated that time and the needs of man will never exhaust it. Day and night the great excavating machines work away; yet their effects are scarcely perceptible.

Just so it is with the love of God. The more we recognize our own needs and the more we make demands on it, the clearer and deeper do we see this inexhaustible gift. It reaches from the highest heaven to the lowest depths of human need; and yet ever before us we see it stretching on and on, like some great, boundless ocean.

Divine love is as free as it is limitless. It is not affected by wealth or poverty. It cannot be bought; it is a free gift. It is constant; no change of status or condition can affect it. The story is told of that mighty preacher, Charles Spurgeon, that while visiting a country church, he was invited to dinner by one of his parishioners. While his host was busy

with the noonday chores, Mr. Spurgeon walked about the dooryard. He noticed the farmyard was well kept. Everything was neat and tidy, spic and span. The stable was finished off with a beautiful cupola, on the top of which was a weather vane. Mr. Spurgeon noticed the words across its bar, "GOD IS LOVE."

When his host again joined him in the yard, Mr. Spurgeon said: "Brother, what do you mean by writing those words on the weather vane? Do you mean that the love of God is as changeable as the weather?"

"Oh no!" the brother replied, "not so. I mean that God is love, and it matters not whether the wind blows from the torrid south or the frigid north, from the east or from the west, it is all the same; it does not affect God's attitude toward His children. God is love, and neither weather conditions, time, nor place can change it."

This brother had a right conception of our heavenly Father's attitude toward us. God is love; and in His promises, born in love and supported by His omnipotent power, we may safely rest. He will never leave us, nor forsake us.

—J. W. CHRISTIAN
in *Signs of the Times.*

WAYSIDE SANCTUARIES

THAT there are such sanctuaries is the one fact that keeps us sane—and would keep us saner if we would turn to them more often. But where are they? That is what we all need to know; for sometimes, rushing on as we do, we pass them by, unknowing the asylum they offer. Four I have discovered which are unspeakably refreshing. The first stands where beauty gleams; the second where nature's temple rises; the third where silence reigns; and the fourth where love endures.

When the pace becomes a killing one, and the spirit pants with weariness, we can knock upon the door of beauty,—beauty that is ever "willing to be found of them that seek her." For it is one of the redeeming features of the life we know that, though it drives us harder than ever before, it makes compensation by building sanctuaries at almost every turn, for beauty to inhabit. Never a time when one could, with so little journeying, enter into the blessed presence of loveliness! The means of knowing the beauty that has been flung with lavish hands by those who have made little nets of notes to hold it are within almost everybody's reach. The radio, with a judicious turn of the dial, will, on occasion, take us into the very holy of holies, where there is balm for the wounds of life. . . .

Knocking on the door of nature, finding entrance into her temple, we are caught from the fever and fret of our hurried living, and are made one with her cool and quiet spirit. Time and again, when jarred nerves and spent brain and body drained of strength have issued their warning that we were paying too great a price for daily bread, have we not fled to the hills, or gone to hear "the wind through woods in riot," or listened to "lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore," or, by still waters, let their tranquillity fall like dew upon our parched souls—and, in all that, found sanctuary?

And, on the busy thoroughfares of our personal life, we need to create quiet places, like those churches and cathedrals on the busy streets of cities, into which one can slip from the dust and din and confusion of the market place. In that quiet we can become our real selves, —strong, serene, courageous.

For the fourth sanctuary there is that of which Belloc speaks, in words beloved of Rupert Brooke:

"From furthest homes, and the first beginnings,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and *the love of friends.*"

Where there is the love that seeketh not its own—there is sanctuary.

—HERBERT HITCHEN.

One example is worth a thousand arguments. —*Gladstone.*

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following correspondents will be assigned to the chairman who first chooses each name. It is advisable for each chairman to submit a second or even third choice, or to request a name from the waiting list, as space does not allow the printing of every letter. Only such letters as contain the necessary information will be printed.

Will every chairman who receives requests from anyone not on her regular list of correspondents please send these letters to the chairman of this department? Requests for money and clothing will not be answered.

Requests for correspondents have come from:

21. A nineteen year old mother of two small children in Oklahoma.

22. A young mother in Tenn. who has two boys aged three and two, and is expecting another baby soon.

23. A twenty-six year old mother in Tenn. who has a daughter aged nine, a son aged two, and whose orphan sister aged thirteen lives with her. Her little boy has just recovered from whooping cough, and her husband's foot has been badly crippled.

24. A forty-two year old mother in Texas. She has eight children from one and one-half to eighteen years old, six of whom are in school. She is a member of the Baptist Church.

25. A mother in Tenn., twenty-eight years old, who lives about eight miles from the nearest town. She has a boy seven years old and a girl five years old. She would like to hear from some good Christian woman.

26. A Tenn. mother whose five children range from five to nineteen years.

27. A nineteen year old mother in Ark. whose only child is about two months old.

28. A fifty-two year old widow in Virginia, mother of seven children, some of whom are married. A son of twenty and a daughter of seventeen years live with her.

29. A mother in Virginia who has a girl eight years old and a boy six years old.

30. A mother in Tennessee who is forty years old and has boys aged thirteen and ten, and girls aged eight and six, and a little baby two months old.

31. A North Carolina lady whose husband is away at work most of the time and who has no children. She has to stay by herself much of the time. She is twenty years old.

32. A nineteen year old wife in Arkansas, lonely because her husband is away most of the time and her little baby died.

33. A woman in Tennessee, aged forty, who lives with her aged father and

mother, both of whom are feeble.

34. A mother of seven children in North Carolina. The children are from five to eighteen years old. She is forty-one years old.

35. A farmer's wife in Texas. She has one little boy, a year old. She is twenty-two years old.

36. A woman of twenty in North Carolina whose father is dead, and who has three brothers and a sister.

37. A fifty-four year old widow in Florida who has four children from ten to twenty-three years old, and who is confined at home with her four year old granddaughter.

38. A twenty year old mother in North Carolina whose little girl is just about a year old.

39. A North Carolina mother aged thirty-five whose four children range from four to sixteen years.

40. An eighteen year old bride in Tennessee.

41. A mother of two children in Tennessee, who is expecting another baby very soon.

42. A Tennessee mother who has two boys aged five and three years.

43. A young bride in Arkansas.

44. A forty year old mother in Arkansas. Her seven children range from two to twenty years. They have a very poor way of farming as they have only one animal to work with. Her husband recently had an accident to his arm.

45. A sixty-nine year old widow in Texas. She has three grown children.

46. A farmer's wife in Arkansas whose baby lived just one day. She is twenty-one years old. They live forty-two miles from town and three miles from Sunday School. They have church once a year.

47. A mother of five children from six to eighteen years old, in Arkansas. She is forty-two years old.

48. A minister's wife in Tennessee. Her husband is away much of the time and she cannot go with him as her thirteen year old daughter has never been very well. She is forty-seven years old, and her children, five in all, range from eight to twenty-one.

49. A twenty-four year old wife in Tennessee who is alone most of the time as her husband is away working. She will enjoy answering all letters. Her two boys are five and three years old.

50. A North Carolina wife, twenty-eight years old, who hopes to hear from some friend. She has been married seven years and has no children.

APPEALS

The splendid response on the part of our chairmen to the temporary way of handling appeals has been so gratifying that it has been decided to continue with this method a little longer. The chairman wishes to thank all branch chairmen who have sent lists of articles on hand. In many cases, requests for quilt pieces have been answered as soon as they were received. If every chairman will send a list of available articles—a post card is sufficient—appeals may soon be answered to date. Write to the chairman of this department for names and addresses.

"SERVICE WITH A SMILE"

A SMILE costs nothing, but gives much.

It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give.

It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it.

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship.

It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet, it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away.

Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has none to give. —*Selected.*

BUTTERFLY BANQUET TREAT IN AUSTRALIA

A BANQUET, to most of us, means chicken, steak or lobster, but to certain tribes of Australian aborigines it means butterflies! These primitive people are so fond of them that they hold big butterfly banquets every year during November, December and January (Australia's Summer months). To them few foods are better than big fat butterflies baked without wings or legs.

Now, since butterflies feed exclusively on the nectar of flowers and the juices of plants, there is no real reason why they shouldn't be eaten. Yet those who catch them know that it is nearly impossible to get enough for a hearty meal.

Butterflies are beautiful and harmless —but not "dumb." Their great compound eyes that can see in three directions at once are quick to warn them of impending danger. Delicate and fragile as they may seem, they are better equipped to compete in the everlasting struggle for survival than many a stronger creature.

Of the 650 North American species, the Monarch butterfly is probably the most common and best known. This black-banded bit of fluttering flame loves milkweed and thistle blossoms. It may be found wherever they grow, from Canada to Mexico.

Monarch rates with the world's greatest travelers. And, as an uninvited passenger on various ships, he has made his way to the Philippines, Java, Sumatra, Australia and Southern England. Reports further indicate that Monarch has recently invaded and colonized Africa.

Although most butterflies wither and die when Winter comes, Monarch goes south. Every Fall millions of northern Monarchs gather on New England and New Jersey shores for their annual flight to the Gulf. They rest at night on bushes and trees and fly only during the day.

Monarch's life begins in Spring or Summer as a tiny conical egg which his mother lays on an edible leaf. If undestroyed by ants, spiders or parasites, he hatches in a few days or weeks (depending on temperature) into the well-known little green milkweed caterpillar with the black and white markings.

At this point he has 14 feet, a pair of leaf-cutting jaws and a pair of feelers (antennae) with which he hears and smells.

After devouring his own egg he begins to eat the leaf on which he was born. This of course makes him grow too big for his skin, which he promptly sheds. Four of these painful skin-sheddings (moults) usually carry him through the two or three months required to become a chrysalis. At the end of this period he seals himself up in a yellow-spotted, brownish tent made of leaves and bound with homespun silk.

Along toward Autumn another transformation takes place and the caterpillar emerges from its casing, not as a caterpillar but as a would-be butterfly. At first the wings are wet and limp, but as they dry Monarch forces a sort of liquid cement out into their hollow veins. Soon the magic fluid hardens, the wings stiffen, the scales gain color and the insect becomes full-fledged, even to the two little scent pouches that make him distasteful to hungry birds.

Hence Monarch's life is divided into three separate phases—the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis. Not until he has successfully passed through them all does he become a real butterfly, ready to soar away and find a mate who, in turn, will lay eggs of her own and thus begin again a new cycle of butterfly life.

On an average butterflies live four or five weeks. Monarch, however, lives 10 months or more. The wingspan varies according to the species from one inch to one foot. Some tropical varieties are even larger.

—By JOHN N. MEISSNER, in *Boston Globe*.

Dutch experimenters have found how to make an egg confess its age. Under ultraviolet light, eggs glow. Fresh eggs give off a red light. Not quite fresh eggs are bluish; the older they are, the deeper the blue.

CAT STORY

Amy's Arabella was a lover of the water, and water sports; she was one of a happy group of youngsters who summered on a big cove of the Thames River where they had their own bathing beach.

Much time was spent in and on the water; Arabella always making one of the party on any expedition, whether by land or whether by water. She was always ready to start with the leader, and if the trip was by canoe she was one of the first to settle in the craft. When the canoe was taken out of the water and parked, while an exploration of new territory was made, Arabella scampered about and frequently climbed trees to have a better view of the surrounding country.

In blueberry picking times Arabella gathered her share; she would stand on her hind legs to reach the berries above her head; gather them daintily, without any leaves; and eat them with relish, and an air of saying "I can do my bit at this game as well as any of you."

When the time to start home came Arabella led the way to the canoe without hesitation and got aboard without assistance, finding a comfortable cushion, or friendly lap. As the paddlers drew near the home shore Arabella walked to the bow and poised on the very peak of the bow, waiting until the shore was about fifty feet away; then she jumped, and swam ashore, she jumped so well that her head never went under water; upon landing she rolled in the sunshine on the shore, purring and smiling with pleasure; and using the same technique employed by cats rolling in catnip: joy and abandon in every movement.

After she had thoroughly dried herself she perched on a rock close to the water and watched for the schools of small fish to swim near, and when she sighted good ones caught herself a good fish dinner, using paws and jaws. This did not happen once, but many times. This is a true story.

—C. E. PRESCOTT,
in *Boston Transcript.*

EMERGENCY PROJECT

THE Committee on Social Service of the General Alliance recommends that *"Aid for Spanish Children"* through the American Friends' Service Committee be adopted as an emergency project by the branches, and that contributions be made through our Committee. Our interest in international friendship as well as ordinary humanitarian concern make it right and imperative that we should co-operate.

A statement of Channing's position on *Labor* has been prepared by the Laymen's League in co-operation with the Social Relations Department of the A. U. A. Added to it are topics for discussion groups prepared by the Alliance Committee on Programs of the General Alliance.

Recent discussion at the Williamstown Institute makes evident the fact that Protestants, Catholics and Jews are united in recognition of the social importance of *Motion Pictures,* witnessed weekly by a number of men, women, and children larger than the combined attendance at all churches and schools. Producers and exhibitors are educators. They shape the attitudes not only toward sex but toward other races, peace and war, social problems and the objectives of life. Alliance women are urged to be alert to the evils of Block Booking and Blind Selling.

Let us report to the Broadcasting Stations our approval as well as our complaints of *Radio Programs for Children.*

IN LIFE'S GARDEN

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall—
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all—
Count your nights by stars—not shadows,
Count your life with smiles, not tears,
And wish joy through all your lifetime,
Count your age by friends, not years.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

STORKS OVER TIMBUCTOO

FROM two miles above, Timbuctoo looked like a great disk lying lost in the desert, round, flat, with close-packed houses, and a square hole—probably the market place—at the hub.

We wheeled and wheeled, lower and lower, trying to realize, after having traveled across America and the Atlantic and Europe and the Sahara, that this below was the city the Flying Carpet had set out from California to find.

At five thousand feet we could distinguish mosques and minarets, forts and garden walls, and the maze of labyrinthine streets.

At one thousand feet Timbuctoo came to life. The strings of dark specks became camels that moved. The market place flowed with white-robed natives gazing skyward at the Flying Carpet. We could see that our airplane was causing immense excitement. People were leaning out windows, climbing on roofs, to watch the gold and scarlet airplane flying over Timbuctoo.

At five hundred feet one of the most extraordinary spectacles we were to meet on all our forty thousand miles of flying unrolled below us.

Right before our eyes Timbuctoo began to disappear; to be blanketed over, blotted out, by a vast dark cloud that rose up miraculously from the chimneys and the housetops. The cloud seemed alive. It was made of a million distinct and separate particles, each particle moving independently of its neighbors and yet managing to rotate in one sweeping circular motion around a central axis. I took off my flying goggles better to observe this phenomenon. No wonder Timbuctoo was considered a weird mysterious town.

Then a small part of the cloud floated uncomfortably close to our propeller—and the mystery was explained.

The cloud was not smoke.

It was not locusts.

It was not sand.

It was storks!—storks in countless multitudes, wheeling and flapping, in pairs, in squadrons, in regiments, over the housetops of Timbuctoo. . . . A million storks—or so it seemed—had risen from their nests to form this panic-stricken mass, this tossing sea, below. . . .

Père and Madame Yakouba greeted us cordially—white visitors were so few and far between, and especially the crews of Flying Carpets. Along with everybody else in town this old couple had rushed to the housetop to watch our scarlet Carpet sailing overhead. . . .

The moment we sat down in Yakouba's study, a baby leopard and a monkey crawled into our hostess' ample lap. But the place was no zoo. All around were shelves covered with pamphlets, books, notes, written in and about the obscure languages of western Africa—the scholarly library of a hermit-savant. Père Yakouba proved to be an extraordinary source of enlightenment. Every question Stephens and I asked—and they were countless—about the town, the people, their history and culture, Yakouba answered most patiently.

—From *The Flying Carpet*,
by RICHARD HALLIBURTON.

WELCOME VISITORS

What are you doing out here in the snow
Little birds, little birds, when the winds blow?
Snow may keep falling and winds may blow high,
Still you are happy with children close by.

They bring you crumblings and scatter them here
Little birds, little birds, feathery—dear—
Now you are singing contented and gay,
Have you mistaken the winter for May?

What is the message you came here to bring
Little birds, little birds, calling to Spring?
Tell us again as you sing it once more,
We would be knowing Spring knocks at our door.

—EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP,
in *Christian Science Monitor*.

Our best work is our best enjoyment.

TEN TRAFFIC RULES FOR CHILDREN

HERE are ten rules for children to observe as their part in "playing safe." They were issued recently by Dr. Herbert J. Stack, director of the new National Center for Safety Education at New York University.

1. Start to school early enough so that you will not have to rush.
2. Plan the safest trip to and from school, and follow it every day.
3. Always cross at the crossing, never in the middle of the block.
4. Cross only with the safe lights.
5. Be alert at all times when crossing streets.
6. Obey the officer or safety-patrol boy on duty at the crossing.
7. Don't hitch rides or dart out onto the street from behind parked cars or hedges.
8. Play in safe places—playgrounds, play streets, vacant lots—not on dangerous streets.
9. Ride bicycles on the right side of roadways, and obey traffic signals and stop signs.
10. On rural highways always walk on the left, facing traffic.

"The remarkable success of the child safety program with an annual saving of 8,000 lives and countless injuries is due largely to the fact that children are being trained in school to follow simple rules when using the streets and highways," Dr. Stack said.

"If adults as motorists and pedestrians would do half as well as the children in practicing common-sense rules, we could readily save at least 12,000 additional lives this school year."

—*Clipped.*

WHAT MADE US FRIENDS?

What made us friends in the long ago
When first we met? Well, I think I know:
The best in me and the best in you
Hailed each other because they knew
That always and always, since life began
Our being friends was part of God's plan.

—*Selected.*

YOUTH

YOUTH is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next and the joy of the game of living.

We are as young as our faith, as old as our hope; as young as our self-confidence, as old as our fear; as young as our hope, as old as our despair.

—*Author Unknown.*

The daily morning prayer used by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is one which all busy people might well make their own: "O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it, I would commit eye, and ear, and thought to Thee. Do thou bless them, and keep their work Thine, that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats, and my blood flows, without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at those times when my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

In this restless 19th century the Master is standing with His hands filled with blessing, and all round there is a pushing, chaotic mob, hungry, weary, unable to find what it wants; and we may almost hear His Voice like a sigh, "Make the men sit down."

—*F. C. Woodhouse.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MEET MR. PORCUPINE

By MARGARET S. BRIDGE

NEXT day, when Peg and Aunt Ruth went for their walk along the mountain stream, Peg was thinking of the dipper and its nest which they had seen the day before.

"Do you think we'll find something new today, and have as much fun as we did yesterday?" she asked.

"Just keep those eyes of yours open and we are sure to discover something interesting."

They stopped along the bank by a big tree that shaded a clear pool just below the falls and watched trout at play.

"I never grow tired of watching trout," said Aunt Ruth, "but if we want to get as far as the power-plant we'll have to move along."

They had not gone far when Peg asked, "What did that?"

Following the direction of Peg's uplifted finger Aunt Ruth saw branches of a willow, stripped of their bark.

"Looks like the work of a porcupine," she said. "That homely little animal keeps himself pretty much under cover in the winter. He can curl up in a log, turn his back to the door and be safe from his enemies, but let mild weather come and he's out to stuff himself with green twigs and bark."

"What happens if another animal tries to fight him, Aunt Ruth?"

"Our old dog, Bug, can answer that if you know how to speak his language," answered Aunt Ruth with a smile. Then she told how, the previous summer, when Bug had come upon a porcupine in the woods near the cabin where she was camping, he went sniffing around and stretched out his paw to learn what sort of curious discovery he had made. Before he had satisfied his curiosity, he had five prickly spines in his paw.

"Did they hurt?" interrupted the little girl.

"You should have heard him howl. I do not think he'll ever go near another porcupine. We had to take the spines out with a pair of tweezers. They are barbed at the end and if they are not pulled out at the time, they work themselves into the flesh and I have heard that they may even pierce a vital part and cause death."

"Oh, but I'd like to see one. I never saw any except in a zoo."

"We'll surely see one when we camp in the canyon," Aunt Ruth encouraged, "for they always come poking around trying to find vegetables, potato parings, or other things to eat. Last summer, in the middle of the night, we were roused by a noise. When we investigated we discovered Mr. Porcupine on a shelf at the back of the house where we kept the milk bottles. In poking around he had pushed them all off the shelf."

While Aunt Ruth was telling the camp experience the pair had turned away from the stream and struck the gravelled road near the power-plant, when straight ahead, and not more than twenty feet from a man who was headed their way, they saw a clumsy creature with yellowish-white spines.

"Oh, my wish has come true," exclaimed Peg with delight.

The porcupine did not seem much disturbed by their presence. He looked at them with dull eyes, then clumsily crossed the road. They watched him until he climbed a box elder, where he curled himself into a ball in a crotch between the branches and trunk. Then they pushed on to the power-plant to see the great dynamos that convert the power from the mountain stream into electricity that supplies the biggest gold mine in the country with its power. —*The Beacon.*

A RULE OF LOVE

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

John Wesley.

DICKY'S BLUE JAY

"GRANDPA," Dicky cried, "I saw a blue jay in the apple tree. He called, 'Jay, Jay.' "

Grandpa nodded.

"And what did you think of him, Dicky?" he asked, "with his blue coat and his jaunty crest and his black collar?"

"I think he is beautiful, Grandpa."

"So he is, my boy."

"Is it true, Grandpa, that nobody likes him much?"

Grandpa nodded again. "He is noisy, Dicky," he said. "He takes other birds' eggs from their nests. Why he's even been known to take their nests."

"But he must be of some use," Dicky persisted. "He must do some good." He caught his grandfather's hand. "Come, let's take a walk, Grandpa."

"Shall we go to the hickory trees?" Dicky asked.

Grandpa was proud of the hickory trees. They grew tall and straight and beautiful at the border of the lane. He was wont to stand admiring them, seeing the sunlight fall through the high branches. Dicky knew he was proud of them, more proud of them than of anything else on his land.

"Have they been growing here very long, Grandpa?" Dicky asked.

"Longer than I can remember, Dicky," Grandpa answered. And Dicky thought that must be very long indeed.

"Who planted them, Grandpa?" he asked.

Grandpa shook his head.

"I don't know, Dicky," he answered. "But whoever planted them did a good deed."

That night because Dicky had been thinking all day of blue jays and hickory trees he had a strange dream.

He dreamed he talked with a blue jay. He, Dicky, sat on a tree stump and the blue jay perched beside him. Up over their heads the hickory trees rustled softly.

Dicky pointed to them with a chubby finger.

"Aren't they beautiful?" he asked the blue jay, quite as if it was not in the least extraordinary to ask a bird a question.

The blue jay gazed up at them.

"Very beautiful," he replied. "Did you know they were planted by blue jays many years ago?"

"What!" Dicky cried, "Planted by blue jays!" His eyes opened wide.

"Yes, indeed," the blue jay answered. "You see we blue jays have a habit of tucking nuts away in the earth and many years ago we tucked away some hickory nuts and," with the flutter of a wing, "up came the hickory trees."

"You don't say," Dicky cried. He was so excited he woke up to find himself snug in bed. The moon was coming in at the window. It was light as day. Dicky stole out of bed and ran to his grandfather.

"Grandpa, Grandpa," he whispered, "wake up. I have something to tell you."

Grandpa opened his eyes. Grandpa was interested. "What is it?" he asked.

Dicky told him his dream.

"Do you think the blue jays did plant the hickory trees, Grandpa, do you?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," Grandpa answered, "for it's true they have a habit of planting nuts in the soft earth."

"I knew," he whispered, "that blue jays did some good, I was sure of it."

Christian Science Monitor.

MARY'S LITTLE COLD

Mary had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home
And everywhere that Mary went, the cold was sure to roam;
It wandered into Molly's eyes and filled them full of tears;
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose, and thence to Jimmie's ears.
It painted Anna's throat bright red, and swelled poor Jennie's head;
Dora had a fever, and cough put Jack to bed.
The moral of this little tale is very quickly said—
She could have saved a lot of pain with just one day in bed!

—LUCY THIBAULT, in *The Journal of the National Education Association.*

A SMILE OR TWO

"What did you do last summer?"
"I worked in Des Moines."
"Coal or iron?"—*Annapolis Log.*

"A good worker derives a great deal of pleasure when he steps back to view the effects of his work," asserts a builder. Unless, of course, he's a steeplejack.—*Punch* (*London*).

"Is ink so very expensive, father?"
"Why, no, what makes you think so?"
"Well, mother seems quite disturbed because I spilled some on the hall carpet."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Winnie: "Supposing a bear would go into a dry goods store,—what would he want the most?"
Stella: "Muzzlin' (muslin), I guess."

A young Polish girl in a New York school, asked with her class to write an essay on the difference between an educated and an intelligent man, summed up the matter: "An educated man gets his thinks from someone else, but an intelligent man works his own thinks."
—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

A man had to send an urgent telegram, and not wishing to spend more money than necessary, filled out a telegraph blank in this manner:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.)

The recipient at the other end, being a kin, immediately decided that the message was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact she's dead." (Nineteen words.) —*Clipped.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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